

FIVE EXCELLENT

New Songs.

- I. The LADY's LOVE for a SAILOR.  
II, The TRUE LOVER'S Farewell.  
III. The GREENWICH PENSIONER.  
IV. BURKE's ADDRESS to the  
" SWINISH " Multitude!  
V. The ROSE TREE.



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## The LADY's LOVE for a SAILOR.

**I**T'S a rich merchant of honour and fame,  
 Who liv'd in London I knew not his name,  
 But he had a daughter of beauty most clear,  
 A person of honour did court her we hear.

Her father then came to her with a frown,  
 Is there never a lord of higher renown,  
 That is fit to enjoy those sweet charms of your  
 face,  
 To marry a sailor your friends to disgrace.

Dear honoured father pray do not say so,  
 If I have not my sailor my life I'll destroy.  
 If it cost me ten hundred pounds then said he  
 I will have him impressed and sent to the sea.

But since it is happened to fall to your lot  
 To marry a sailor, I'll hinder you not  
 Go do it in private, talk nothing of me  
 And when that its over we'll kindly agree.

But as they were going up to the church door,  
 They saw there a press gang of near half a score,  
 Instead of being married it proved a sad day,  
 Instead of great mirth, they pressed him away.

She cut off her hair and changed her clothes  
 And unto the lieutenant immediately goes,  
 And as it did happen to fall to her lot  
 To be her love's mesmate, tho' he knew it not.

It's every evening to bed these two goes,  
 And every morning these couple arose,  
 Once I had a sweetheart this young man did say,  
 But her cruel parents did send me away.

Come tell me your age and I'll cast up you lot

Being well educated with her ink and her pen,  
She used it a little, a little now and then.

She being as knowing as knowing could be  
Soon told him his fortune and that it was she  
She sent for a parson, and soon let him see,  
And so they got married among the ship's crew.

The TRUE LOVER'S Farewell.

**F**ARE you well, my own true love,  
And fare you well for a while;  
And I will be sure to return back again,  
If I go ten thousand mile.

Ten thousand mile that's a long way,  
When you are from me gone,  
You leave me here to sigh and mourn,  
But you ne'er can hear me mourn.

To hear you mourn, love, I cannot bear,  
Nor cure you of your disease;  
But I shall be sure to return back again,  
When, all your friends, my dear, shall please.

When all your friends are pleas'd, my dear,  
Supposing my friends they ne'er should be,  
They are grown so lofty and high,  
I never will prove false to the girl that I  
love,

Till the stars fall from the skies, my dear.

Supposing the stars should never fall from  
[the skies,

Nor the rocks melt with the sun,  
I never will prove false to the girl that I love,  
Till all the

Supposing those things should never be done  
 While you and I do live,  
 I never will prove false to the girl that I love  
 Till we both go to one grave my dear.  
 Till we both go to one grave, my dear,

Dont you see yon little turtle dove,  
 That's now on yonder tree,  
 Making its moan for its own true love,  
 As I shall do for thee, my dear,  
 As I shall do for thee, my dear.

The GREENWICH PENSIONER.

'TWAS in the good ship rover  
 I sailed the world around,  
 And for three years and over,  
 I ne'er touch'd British ground ;

At length in England landed,  
 I left the roaring main,  
 Found all relations stranded,  
 And went to sea again.

That time bound straight to Portugal,  
 Right fore and aft we bore ;  
 But, when we'd made Cape Ortugal,  
 A gale blew off the shore ;

She lay, so did it shock her,  
 A log upon the main ;  
 Till, sav'd from Davy's locker,  
 We put to sea again.

Next in a frigate sailing,

Thunder and light'ning hailing  
The horrors of the fight,

My precious limb was lopped off  
I, when they had eas'd my pain,  
Thank'd God I was not popped off,  
And went to sea again.

Yet still am I enabled  
To bring up life's rear,  
Although I'm quite disabled,  
And lie in Greenwich tier;

The king, God blefs his royalty,  
Who sav'd me from the main,  
I'll praise with love and loyalty,  
But ne'er to sea again.

### BURKE'S ADDRESS, &c.

Tune "*Derry down, down,*" &c.

**Y**E vile swinish herd, in the sty of taxation,  
What would ye be after?—disturbing the  
nation!

Give over your grunting—be off—to your sty!  
Nor dare to look out, if a king passes by:  
Get ye down! down! down!—Keep ye down!

Do ye know what a king is? By Patrick I'll  
tell you;

He has power in his pocket, to buy you and sell  
you:

To make you all soldiers, or keep you at work;  
To hang you, and cure you for ham or salt pork!

Get ye down! &c.



Do you think that a king is no more than a man?

Ye brutish, ye swinish, irrational clan?  
I swear by his office, his right is divine,  
To flog you, and feed you and treat you like swine!

Get ye down! &c.

To be sure, I have said—but I spoke it abrupt—  
That "the state is defective, and also corrupt."  
Yet remember I told you with caution to peep,  
For swine at a distance we prudently keep—

Get ye down! &c.

Now the church and the state, to keep each other warm,  
Are married together, and where is the harm?  
How healthy and wealthy are husband and wife!  
But swine are excluded the conjugal life—

Get ye down! &c.

The state, it is true, has grown fat upon swine,  
And church's weak stomach on tythe-pig can dine;

But neither, you know, as they roast, at the fire,  
Have a right to find fault with the cocks, or enquire.

Get ye down! &c.

"What use do we make of your money"—you say?

Why, the first law of nature :—*We take our own pay—*

And next on our friends a few pensions bestow—  
And to you we apply when our treasure runs low.

Get ye down! &c.

Consider our Boroughs, Ye grumbling swine !  
 At corruption and taxes, they never repine :  
 If we only proclaim, " ye are happy !"—they say  
 ' *We are happy !*—Believe and be happy as they !  
 Get ye down ! &c.

What know ye of commons, of kings, or of lords,  
 But what the dim light of taxation affords ?  
 Be contented with that—and no more of your  
 rout :  
 Or a new proclamation shall muzzle your  
 snout !

Get ye down ! &c.

And now for the sun—or the light of the day ?  
 " It doth not belong to a Pit ?"—You will say.  
 I tell you be silent, and hush all your jars :  
 Or he'll charge you a farthing a-piece for the  
 stars.

Get ye down ! &c.

Here's *Myself*, and *his Darknefs*, and *Harry Dundas* ;  
*Scotch*, *Englisb*, and *Irisb*, with fronts made of  
 brasse—

A cord plaited three-fold will stand a good pull,  
 Against Sawney, and Patrick, and old Johnny  
 Bull !!!

Get ye down ! &c.

To conclude : Then no more about man and his  
 rights,

Tom Paine, and a rabble of *liberty lights* :  
 That you are but our " Swine," if ye ever forget,  
 We'll throw you alive to the horrible Pit !  
 Get ye down ! down ! down !—Keep ye down !

## The ROSE TREE.

*Pet.*

A rose-tree full in bearing,  
 Had sweet flow'rs fair to see,  
 One rose, beyond comparing,  
 For beauty attracted me.  
 Tho' eager once to win it,  
 Lovely, blooming, fresh, and gay,  
 I find a canker in it,  
 And now throw it far away.

*Norah:*

How fine this morning early,  
 The sun shining clear and bright;  
 So late I lov'd you dearly,  
 Tho' lost each fond delight.  
 The clouds seem big with show'rs,  
 Sunny beams no more are seen,—  
 Farewel, ye happy hours,  
 Your falsehood has chang'd the scene.

*Both repeat.*

The clouds seem big, &c. to the end.

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